# A Job Gone Wrong?: A Helluva Boss Fanfiction by QuaintCapp

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Summary:

(NOTE: This is a One-Shot Sequel to my Helluva Boss Fanfiction, “Stranded Hound”, which can be found on my profile.)

The IMP team once again find themselves in Australia, this time on

a job given to them by an anonymous tip in relation to one of their previous targets; one Victor Malloy. Turns out that Victor had a brother who, in accordance to the letter, had his own crimes he had to pay for.

Blitz decides to send Loona as an initial distraction to take this new target down. It all goes to plan initially, until this new target reveals something unexpected, which not only throws the plan out of the water, but as well prompts Loona to ask herself something quite important; does she have a conscience?

## Notes:

Oh dear, here I go writing once more.

Hello again, this is QuaintCapp! I've decided to write yet another sequel to "Stranded Hound" this one once again another slightly longer one-shot compared to the previous one-shot I wrote featuring Moxxie. I'm beginning to think that perhaps I will write even more, so watch this space to see if I come up with anything more!

Anyhow! I'll stop rambling; happy reading, chaps!

## Work Text:

It had been a mere couple of days since Moxxie's run-in with Jim, and yet here he was again; back in this corner of the living world, though this time with the rest of the team.

Blitz, with the help of Loona's decent familiarity of the area, navigated through the dense bushland as the late-afternoon sun hung over them through the gumtrees, threatening to dip over the horizon. This time, however, they weren't there for a holiday or a visit; they were there for a job they had been given by an anonymous tip.

They had been informed in a letter, which had a dubious amount of money on offer for them as well as an address to their target's location, that there was a brother of a certain Victor Malloy who was still alive, though barely just making it by the sounds of things. The anonymous author of the letter informed them how this brother of Victor's, too, was involved in the deceased criminal's many crimes, as well as being guilty of some heinous acts of his own.

The authenticity of these claims was up to debate, as pointed out by Moxxie's observations earlier on before they left. Blitz, however, couldn't care less; money was money, no matter how dubious and legitimate of an offer.

"Oh for the love of- where are we, Loona," Moxxie asked, getting increasingly infuriated with the apparent lack of direction, moving ever deeper into more and more dense forest.

"Dammit- I told you, we're nearly there," Loona refuted, grunting as she got snagged on a protruding branch which she promptly snapped in half with frustration.

"Why don't we get that 'friend' of yours to help us out," Millie suggested, only to be met with hesitation from Loona who turned around and glared at the imp with her brow furrowed.

"I really don't think he'd want to get involved in this shit," Loona pointed out; "He isn't a killer."

“Bullshit; That doesn’t stop him from shooting pigs, now does it,” Moxxie interjected, which was only met from a baffled exhale from Loona.

“What the f- killing a PERSON and shooting a PIG are two very different things,” Loona emphasized the point, gesturing with her hands to drive it home.

Blitz, meanwhile, fixed his gaze ahead of him, peering through the trees as the terrain dipped down a little bit, Blitz now being able to tell that they were finally making progress to their destination, at least by the description that he was given through the letter he found.

“Okay, just- shut the fuck up back there! We’re almost here, I think,” Blitz abruptly interrupted, the other three in the group doing so.

The group-of-four make their way down the embankment, at last coming across a clearing where the foliage and trees dispersed, coming across a road which curved around the side of the hill, winding between the open plains and the hills decorated in dense forest and scrub. They all took cover behind a particularly thick accumulation of dry bushes, and peered across the road.

Across the road, perhaps a good two-hundred yards away, was a house, surrounded by three or four individual trees providing it with moderate shade. It was an older hardwood-style home, a faded beige in colour with a tin-roof which was caked in rust and grime. It was smaller than most houses seen in the area, and was close to the ground. Unlike most homes in the area, the veranda was much smaller, only being limited to around the front door instead of stretching around the front.

On this veranda in question was a man sleeping, slumped in a chair, obviously in his early 50s. His hair was receding and showing signs of the man’s age, brief streaks of gray appearing throughout his brownish-ginger hair. He wore a white polo shirt, a pair of shorts stretching down to his knees and a pair of black work-boots.

Blitz looked back down at the letter, though he couldn’t read too

well, then back up to the home and the man. With some assistance from Loona, Blitz was confident that this was their target. He grinned widely in anticipation, wringing his hands, thinking of a point of attack.

“Alright… M&M, Loonie… it’s time,” Blitz announced as they all eyed their target, thinking on how to go about this.

Blitz thought for a little while, considering their options, which is something he rarely did, especially on such an apparently easy target as this dumb, aging man; Maybe they could blow his brains out from a distance? No, that would be too easy. What about slitting his throat as he slumbered? No, dammit; too easy again. Blitz wanted something entertaining, something with a little bit of fun, with acting and all that.

Acting… theater… cover-stories-

Something clicked in Blitz’s little thoughts as he turned towards Loona with a smirk; “Hey, Loonie, you always said you wanted to take up acting.”

Loona was taken aback, scoffing; “What? I have NEVER said that; what are you on?”

Blitz smirked wider, raising his brow; “Oh well, now’s a better time to start than ever! You said you had a cover story you told the Doc and that Hillbilly when you first met them; something about being a “journalist”?”

Loona groans, rubbing her fingers between her eyes, before looking back at Blitz with an unamused expression; “I know where this is going; you want me to disguise myself as human, go up to him and pretend that I’m a journalist or whatever?”

Blitz clicked his fingers, chuckling; “Exactly! See, I knew you’d be a great actor, as I always told you!”

“Again, you’ve never said that to me,” Loona sighs before backing off from the group to change herself into her human guise. She returns a good quarter-of-a-minute later, now appearing human.

She crouches back down next to the leader of the group, eyeing the property; “Alright, so… you just want me to approach and start asking him questions?”

“Something like that,” Blitz chortled as he also handed her something out-of-the-blue; an earpiece; “I’ll give you prompts through this.”

Loona eyes it, examining it before shrugging, putting it in her right ear and looking back towards Blitz; “Got it. Dammit, why did I agree to come today?”

Blitz nudges Loona’s shoulder to encourage her to go; “Oh, come on, Loonie! You know this will be entertaining! Remind him of his piece-of-shit brother, too - let him know he’ll be joining him soon enough.”

Loona hesitates, thinking about it. She grunts before beginning to make her way out of the treeline and across the road; “Whatever, but a reminder; I’m doing this for you.”

Blitz gives her a thumbs up, biting his grinning lip in anticipation of the theater about to begin, as Moxxie and Millie drew closer to their boss, watching as the “human” made her way up to the house, albeit begrudgingly.

Loona made her way up the path, her newly-acquired shoes crunching against the gravel which was partially overgrown. A cool breeze swept through her, giving her relief from the moderate heat. She didn’t particularly know why she was doing this, other than to keep her dad entertained, which she didn't mind in principle anymore, or at least as much as she used to.

She eyes the still slumbering middle-aged man, who she could tell, despite his smaller stature, could perhaps pick up a fight if he chose to. Loona finally steps up onto the veranda, thinking on what to say to wake him up. After a little bit of thinking and stagnation, she clears her throat before speaking; “H-hello, uh… sir?”

The man snorts and is jolted out of his sleep, suddenly peering through tired-aging eyes up at the woman, squinting; “C-can I help

you?”

Loona’s gaze darts around, trying to think of something to say, before Blitz’s voice whispers over the earpiece; “The cover story, Loonie.”

This jolts her out of her hesitancy as she clears her throat again; “Oh, right- Uh, y-yes I hope you could. I’m a journalist passing through here, and… and I was hoping you could answer some questions.”

The aging Malloy glared at her in confusion before yawning briefly and sitting upright in his wooden outdoor chair; “Righto, uh… what did you want to ask me?”

“Ask him about his name,” Blitz’s voice whispered again through the earpiece, prompting Loona with a direction of where to go from here.

“Uh, well, first off; your name,” Loona hesitated, not sure of how this would go.

“Huh… I’m Ethan Terrance Malloy,” the man replied with a bit of hesitation, still curious of this sudden visitor’s appearance; “I’ve lived out here for about ten years. Moved here when I was forced out of my old home because of my… my brother,” the man explained, before his voice trailed off at him mentioning his deceased brother. His voice didn’t seem mournful, rather something along the lines of “ashamed”.

Loona was taken aback by this sudden information dump, processing what he was saying, before regathering her thoughts and replying; “Okay.. so, why did you move out here, what did your brother do?”

The middle-aged man looked up at Loona with troubled eyes as he spoke, chuckling sadly; “Heh- what didn’t that bastard do? … you’re here because of him, aren’t you?”

“Oh shit, he’s caught on,” Loona thought to herself, before forcing herself to go along with the plan, having to find her own follow-up

questions: “Uh, y-yes, I suppose I am, sir.”

The man doesn’t reply, still looking up at Loona with a glare. This glare didn’t seem malicious, however; it seemed sad and pitiful, not that Loona cared or anything; all guilty men have that same self-preserving look when they knew their game was up.

“… could you give me a moment? I’d like to show you something,” the man asked, with Loona begrudgingly agreeing, as Ethan Malloy made his way back inside.

“What’s he doing,” Blitz whispered over the earpiece.

“I don’t know; be ready for anything,” Loona informed, pressing a small button on the side of it to talk through the little built-in speaker.

After a minute or so of waiting, Loona heard Ethan Malloy coming back out again, half-expecting him to come out with a machete or something along those lines. She prepared herself to fight, tensing up slightly as he slowly emerged from the house with something in his hands. What he had in his hands, however, was not a weapon; it was an old wooden storage box which was full of some documents and a few old photos.

He sat down as he, too, pulled up a chair for his unexpected visitor; “care to sit down? I want you to look at this - it’ll help you understand who I am. It’ll clear my name. I’ve had many like you come around here, and I know for a fact that you’ve got the same assumptions about my past as them.”

“Clear his name?” What?

Loona thought for a few seconds, before nodding rigidly, oddly intrigued of where this was going, though wanting to get this over and done with at the same time so she could go home. She sat down in front of Ethan Malloy, as he shuffled through the box and pulled out what appeared to be an old document, showing it to the “journalist”; “Please read this.”

What it read was oddly familiar to Loona, which piqued her interest

slightly; it wasn't familiar in terms of seeing this particular object before, but rather it was familiar because of what it was.

"Adoption Certificate," it read in bold letters at the top of the document, the ink faded in places.

She examined it closer, reading on. She found another name towards the middle of the document, which surprised her, raising her eyebrow slightly as she read the surname; "Ethan Connolly".

Loona squinted, trying to make sense of this revelation; "Wait- you're not a Malloy?"

"No, not by blood anyway, as you can see," Ethan Malloy responded solemnly; "I was adopted at the age of fifteen from interstate. I never knew my parents, you know? I was told that they were murdered. How much of that is true… I'll… I'll never know."

This was all very sudden to the hellhound; Blitz never told her that this aging sap was adopted - not that it mattered, she guessed. Loona began to feel something within her, something that felt foreign to her; a feeling which she never really felt before. She didn't immediately know the word for it, but as soon as she figured it out, she couldn't get it out of her head; she began to feel Pity.

What the fuck? Why was Loona feeling pity for this sack of shit? She needed to KILL this old, incapacitated swine, not fucking feel sorry for him! Who gives a shit that he was adopted, anyway? It's no excuse for his crimes, is it?

Loona's brow furrowed as these thoughts ran through her head, greatly confusing her. Her train of thought was interrupted as Ethan Malloy pulled out another document; it was a court document. Two words on the case file stood out to her; "Not Guilty".

What the hell?

"This," Ethan Malloy explained whilst holding up the document of both hands; "Fifteen years ago I was charged with a crime I didn't commit. I was accused of attempted murder. I was accused of attempted murder because Victor hated me so much from day

fucking one, that he purposefully left my ID and a bit of ripped clothing I used to wear at a crime scene, making it out that I tagged along with it," the man explained, his voice cracking slightly.

"What? What the fuck's he saying," Blitz harshly whispered over the earpiece, Loona either choosing or was incapable of answering as she listened in to Ethan's explanation, almost in a trance.

Ethan continued, his voice trying to hold back his sadness; "They found me not guilty in the end, but the two years were hell-on-earth. People came to my house, threatened me, committed arson; you name it. I was never there at the crime scene; I was looking after dad when he was on his death-bed while Victor was down in Melbourne, making shady dealings with organised gangs with my fucking name on it. HE tried to kill that young woman, not ME."

Loona didn't know what to say. She stared into his sad eyes, oddly fixated, that unwelcome, very foreign feeling of pity still clinging on to her mind. Sure, guilty men could make excuses and cover-stories like this up, but Ethan's explanation felt genuine; it felt- no… it was real.

"From day one when I was adopted, he made mum and dad's life hell," Ethan continued; "He stole from mum, in one fight almost slit dad's throat, he dragged me into petty theft with threats against my life if I didn't; all of that because I was an orphaned child. It's been thirty years of hell for me. Dad wasn't innocent, either; he raised Victor to be that way with his drunken outbursts, but mum… mum tried the best she could, now she's in the nursing home in town, unable to recognise me now, and I'm the only one she can rely on."

Ethan began to shed tears as he recounted all of this to Loona, who really did not know what to make of all of this information, nor did she know how to act; for the first time out on a job like this, the hellhound felt out of her depth.

The aging man sniffed, wiping his eyes before looking back up at the "journalist":

"Do you know how it feels to grow up without knowing your own blood-related parents? Do you know how it feels to go through the

adoption process, pretty much growing up in an institution which showed little mercy, only to then be adopted and to have the worst shit happen to you because you're guilty of association? I can't even go into TOWN without people looking at me funny. I'm so alone, mate… I- I feel so fucking alone."

These questions sparked something within Loona; memories. Memories of her childhood practically being spent in an institution which seldom cared who she was. She remembered how lost and unloved she felt, having to be trapped practically behind bars. The years and years of waiting until Blitz came along and took her away from that damned place. She remembered it all; she kept remembering it, and there was not a damn thing she could do to stop it.

Loona suddenly got up from her seat, overwhelmed with this sudden dump of information; "give me a minute," she bluntly told Ethan as he wept slightly, his head in his worn-out hands.

Loona looped around the side of the house, needing some space. This was all too much for her; everything from the very foreign feeling of pity for this dumb, old man, to the feeling of somehow RELATING to him with regards to being adopted and feeling so alone in the world, with nobody to turn to. Why the FUCK was she feeling all of this? Had she gone soft? Why couldn't have this been so fucking straight forward!?

"AAAAGH- FUCK! FOR FUCK SAKES," Loona bellowed, holding her hands to the side of her head as she let out her frustration on a stack of rotted timber by kicking it over with her might!

Loona was breathing heavily, sliding her hand over her face as she composed herself, suddenly finding herself walking back up to the veranda where Ethan Malloy was trying to compose himself, looking up into the sky with his eyes blood-shot from his sorrow.

"Loona," Blitz bellowed from over the earpiece, equally as confused at this entire situation; "what the hell is goi-"

Loona then rips the earpiece from her ear, needing to focus as she made her way up to the aging man, not really sure of what the fuck

she was doing. She walked up to him and sat back down, running her fingers through her hair, composing herself before speaking:

"… I do know how it feels," Loona forced herself to reply to his earlier questions; "I know how it feels to be alone; to feel like the whole damn world is against you. I'm all too familiar with it. But, look…"

Loona hesitated, exhaling sharply before continuing; "I… I think I know a guy who can help you. He helped me not too long ago, about a month ago. Sure, he isn't a therapist or anything like that, but… he's down to earth; I think he'll understand."

Ethan Malloy looks up at Loona, chuckling sadly as he wipes his eyes; "at least… at least someone understands."

Loona hands the man a piece of paper with an address written on it. He looks at it, squinting through misty eyes to read it. He looks back up at the "journalist", smiling softly.

"T-thank you," he whispers, swallowing the saliva built up in his throat; "y-you're a decent young lady, you really are."

Loona huffs, shaking her head; "You really don't know me," she half laughed, before getting up to leave.

"Wait a moment," Ethan Malloy called out as Loona made her way up the path. She stopped and turned back towards the house.

Ethan Malloy spoke again; "I- I didn't get your name."

The journalist hesitates, thinking for a minute, before replying; "Loona," she simply says.

The man nods in acknowledgement; "Loona… very interesting name. Well, Loona… take care, yeah?"

Loona briefly smiles, nodding her head; "I will, thank you," she replies, before making a beeline straight back up the pathway, off of his property, still unsure of what had just occurred.

When she finally made her way back to the rendezvous point, and

since turning back into her true hellhound form, she was met with brief silence, Blitz looking up at Loona with a look of bitter disappointment and downright confusion, practically speechless; “Wha-…what the fuck was- Loonie, are you-”

“Who sent that letter,” Loona interrupted bluntly, trying to get to the bottom of this.

“I- Loonie, I don’t know! Did you seriously just-” Blitz was interrupted as she grabbed the letter from his hands to his surprise. She carefully reads all of the details of the slip of paper to the very last letter, trying to find any clues as to who this culprit was.

“Loonie, look at me,” Blitz desperately interrupted the hellhound from her examination; “THAT was money-”

“Money, money this, money that- FUCK the money,” she blurted out; not at Blitz necessarily, but at this damned situation; “That MONEY probably isn’t even real!”

Blitz was taken aback; not once before had Loona ever not cared about money, let alone expressed it verbally. Loona immediately goes back to examining the letter, thinking on who exactly would have tipped them off a job like this. Who would do such a thing, against a man who, unlike their other targets, seemed innocent? Who would find doing something like this… amusing?

Suddenly, something clicked in her brain. It must’ve been him. It HAD to be! Who else would have this information about her “target”?

Loona turns back towards the trio, looking at Moxxie with her scarlet eyes in a thoughtful squint; “Moxxie! You said something about having a forensics kit; do you still have it?”

Moxxie stammered a bit before answering, still trying to make sense of the situation unfolding; “I- I uh- I do, haven’t even touched it! What, do you want to-”

“I- no, WE need to find out who the ever-loving FUCK sent that letter; something doesn’t seem right,” Loona explained, looking

back towards the house as the sun at last began to dip over the horizon; “Blitz, I’m sorry, I… I want to go home,” she pleaded, her voice ever-so-slightly cracking.

Blitz couldn’t believe what he was hearing. In all of their time going out on jobs, nothing like this had ever happened! He felt frustrated that a possible good lead had gone down the drain, though something told him deep down that Moxxie and Loona’s conviction about this job was… wrong.

Reluctantly, Blitz obliged, getting up from behind the bush before finding an appropriate spot to open the portal to go back home. As they made their way back, Blitz could see that something deeply troubled his daughter; she was fidgety, her gaze unfocused and deep in thought. He made a mental note in his head to ask about what exactly happened down there when they got back later on.

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A few hours later, Blitz and Loona had arrived back at their apartment. As usual, Loona confined herself into the depths of her room, but something felt off. She hadn’t spoken since they went back through the portal, her gaze and whole demeanor still unfocused and troubled. The whole atmosphere felt off and unnatural as the whole apartment was filled with nothing but silence.

After a little while, Blitz decided to act upon his mental note and approached Loona’s door, debating whether or not to knock on it. Nonetheless, he found himself doing so, knocking on the door slightly.

Blitz then heard a slight huff, and a soft and somber voice calling out; “… come in.”

Blitz gently opened the door, peering inside. He found Loona looking up at the ceiling, lying in her bed. Something about the

look in her eyes told the imp that she was still troubled, obviously very affected by whatever happened that day.

“Can I talk to you,” Blitz asked in a softer voice, not wanting to be too loud.

“… I think I need to,” Loona replied, still looking up at the ceiling.

Blitz obliges, gently pulling up a seat for himself next to her bed as he slumped in it, his concerned look unbroken as he looked at his daughter; “Can you tell me what happened today?”

At first, Loona doesn’t respond. She continues to look up until she decides to turn her head slightly towards Blitz with that troubled look in her eye. She huffs, before beginning to open up:

“I don’t feel right, dad. Something about today didn’t feel right.”

Blitz couldn’t quite understand what she was alluding to; “W-what do you mean?”

Loona stares sombrely into Blitz’s eyes, still trying to find her words, before she sighs and begins talking again; “That Ethan; he was adopted. He was adopted and thrown into a really difficult spot with an obviously very mentally disturbed “brother”. His entire childhood was spent in an orphanage - just another number, another… thing for them to “look after” and to treat like a burden. It sounds really weird for me to say this, but… but I could relate to him. He went through the same shit I did, dad. I… I couldn’t do it. There’s something about him - I don’t think he did ANY of what that letter claims. Yeah, it sounds ridiculous for me to say this, but that job fucked me up.”

This emotional vulnerability that Loona was feeling; Blitz had never heard it from her before, not since that night over at that “hillbilly’s” house where she finally opened up in his arms for the first time after her night terror. Despite his usual arrogance against feelings and hesitation like this, Blitz could understand how his daughter was feeling - it was like she was seeing a reflection of herself through another person.

“I understand, Loonie,” Blitz finally responded, placing his hand on her arm gently; “So, where can we go from here?”

Loona shakes her head slightly; “I… I don’t know… I just-… I can’t bring myself to harm people like that guy today, they don’t deserve it. There was something so… genuine about his explanation, like, you can’t fake certain explanations like his, you know what I mean?”

Blitz gently nods, half-smiling briefly; “I think I do.”

…

“Dad? Am… am I going soft,” Loona asks, her look genuinely somber.

“Soft? No, not at all! You… you got boundaries is all, and that’s okay,” Blitz reassures, gently smiling.

Loona half-smiles again, looking back up at the ceiling. She thinks on what to say next before turning her gaze back towards Blitz with a question; “Is it okay if I take a break from working? At least a week, only if it’s okay with you.”

Blitz, without much hesitation, responded with an understanding smile; “Of course, Loons, if that’s what you want. I’ll also make sure Mox and I find that motherfucker who sent the tip, okay?”

Loona nods gently, giving off a small smile; “Thanks, dad.”

Blitz replies by gently patting her arm before getting up and heading to leave her room, closing the door behind him. Loona is left alone once again in her room, her thoughts her only form of company again. She still wondered what had happened; why she… cared about this complete stranger she had met with her initial intention to maim him, only to then give him a direction to help him through his trauma. It still felt so bizarre; she needed direction - some form of clue as to why exactly she responded the way she did.

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“KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!”

Jim was suddenly startled by three loud knocks on his garage door, reverberating throughout his steel and tin workshop. He shut off the power to the Drop Saw which was whirring loudly, briefly stacked the timber he was in the middle of cutting, and went to answer whoever it was.

He rubs the sweat from his eyes with an old cloth as he opens the door; it was Loona, standing there with her hands in her black jacket’s pockets. She took one hand out and half-waved; “Hey again.”

Jim perked up, giving off a welcoming smile; “Ah, Loona! You’re spoiling me with all of these visits! How have you been?”

Loona smiles back, huffing; “Eh, I’m alright, I guess. Look, uh… I came here to talk to you about something; is that ok, or are you busy?”

Jim waves his hand in dismissal and huffs; “Nah, not really! Just doing some work for a new customer I got; wants me to repair parts of his house.”

“Ah, okay, cool,” Loona responds, looking down slightly with a slight pensive look in her eyes.

“Yeah, yeah. So, what’s up? We’ll go sit inside or on the veranda if you’d like,” Jim offers.

“Is it okay if we sit on the porch,” Loona asks, with Jim responding with a reassuring “absolutely”.

The two of them head to the veranda after Jim makes sure to lock his garage. Loona takes her accustomed chair, and so did Jim who groaned as he sat down, his legs relieved from having been stood up for perhaps hours on end. They both admire the atmosphere, the Summer temperatures being remarkably cool for that time of year.

There is silence for a while until Loona opts to break it, clearing her throat:

“Ahem- so anyway, yeah… I need your help, Jim,” Loona asks solemnly, with Jim turning his attention to the hellhound to his right; “I, uh… so, you know how Blitz has that… business, yeah?”

Jim nods in acknowledgement; “Mhm?”

“Okay, well,” Loona continues, opening up; “so two days ago, he got an anonymous tip about a “brother” of Malloy’s who was still alive. The letter said he was guilty of some really serious shit, and, well… whoever sent it wanted us to, well, you know…”

Jim was hit with sudden realisation, looking towards Loona; “Oh! You mean that Ethan bloke? Yeah, he said you sent him! Said you told him you were a “journalist”; don’t worry, I didn’t tell him who you really were, by the way.”

Loona chuckles; “Hah, thank you, much appreciated.”

Jim laughs in return; “Nah, no worries. But yeah- I seldom even heard of him until he came knocking yesterday. I heard RUMOURS that Victor had a brother, didn’t know they were real, let alone he was adopted.”

Loona nods, somewhat surprised at Jim’s admission.

“But yeah, nah, poor old bloke, he is. I really felt sorry for him. So, like, you felt sorry for him, did you,” Jim asks curiously, perhaps already knowing the answer.

“…Y-yeah, I did, to be absolutely honest with you,” Loona explains, wiping her fringe before continuing; “Like, you know how I’m adopted as well, and well… I saw myself in him, you know? The experiences of having to be alone, to FEEL alone, with nobody to turn to; I felt pity, and I don’t know… I don’t know why, y-you know?”

Jim thought about it a little bit, clearing his throat before finally coming up with an answer; “Maybe because you have a heart?”

“…What,” Loona asks, genuinely curious.

“A heart,” Jim repeats; “You know, a conscience; a sense of, you know, direction of what’s right.”

Loona is slightly taken aback, thinking about it with serious consideration. She sits there for a little bit in silence before nodding slightly, perhaps agreeing; “Y-you think so?”

“I do, yeah,” Jim repeats; “Like, I know you come from a real horrid environment, but… yeah, maybe you got a heart.”

Loona raises her brow in realisation; “Y-yeah, I think you could be right.”

Jim smiles, grunting, as they both look down towards the main road, a few cars and a truck making their way towards and away from town.

“A-anyways,” Loona adds, turning back towards Jim; “I’m sorry for coming around so many times.”

Jim laughs, dismissing this; “Nah, don’t be! Come as many times as you’d like.”

Loona smiles, expressing her thanks before looking through her phone briefly. She’s then interrupted by Jim who has a question:

“So, like… did they end up finding out who sent the letter?”

Loona smirks; “Oh, I’m sure they did,” she chuckles, taking a photo of the morning sun off into the distance.

Jim shakes his head, wondering what that meant for the sender.

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- = End = -